PHILIPPI'S TUTTI-FRUTTI.

"THE GLOOMY GATE" IS ALTOGETHER A MASTERPIECE.

A Notable Performance at the Irving Place Theatre—Return of Frederick Bonn—The Hamlet of Forbes Robertson an Interesting Version of the Character—Some Other Interpretations.

Felix Philippi's theatrical *tutti frutti* entitled "Das Dunkle Thor" served to bring back Ferdinand Bonn to Conried's Irving Place playhouse last week. The piece has been variously translated as "The Tunnel" and "The Dark Gateway." It might better be named "The Gloomy Gate." However, it matters little how one traduces—the play is nevertheless *tutti frutti*, a mixture of many kinds of cream boldly adapted from such masters as Ibsen, Hauptmann, Zola and a few others.

In January of last year Herr Bonn appeared in a much more compact and powerful play in "Das Grosse Licht," by the same playwright, wherein the "great light," which began with a wild dream of glory in the imagination of the young mural decorator *Fritz Ramussen*, modulates into folly of grandeur and ends in a brilliant delirium. The main idea comes from Ibsen's "Master Builder," but diluted with theatrical expedients which prove very effective in performance. Herr Bonn was very successful in his impersonation of the sick-brained artist crazed by jealousy. The play, with its homely realism in the early acts, its cleverly contrived massed episodes and the cumulative splendor of the Cathedral scene, with its "Meistersinger" atmosphere of song and procession, should appeal to the artistic taste of Richard Mansfield. Here is a character that would fit him like a glove—a young artist, romantic in love, jealous, concluding with a very deft portrait of mania. Not profound, yet suited to the English as well as the German stage, quite as well as "Old Heidelberg."

But "The Gloomy Gate" is far from being "The Great Light." It is not so human in theme, not so well put together, the love interest verges on the absurd, while the grouped scenes are employed too frequently. Philippi, possibly because he hit the mark in the other work, believed he could outdo Hauptmann and write a *Volksspiel*, a folks-play after the fashion of "The Weavers." He has not succeeded. One or two scenes are striking: when the miners come into the little mountain inn after a hard day's work to eat their miserable supper and drink their brown beer—alas! served in empty tin cups on this occasion—the Angelus rings, they pause in their gabbling and gobbling to pray—simply and untheatrically; in the quarrel over the suspension of work with their chief engineer—feminine interest is not lacking at this juncture: the rough, surly scoundrel who stirs up the miners is jealous of his superior. He knows the girl loves the other man.

These pictures are vital and stirring, though palpably copied from Hauptmann. And Mr. Conried has not spared himself trouble in the stage setting. It is excellent in its fidelity to life, especially as the company has been carefully rehearsed.

The principal motive is the tempting of *Falkenreid* by *Wandenberg* to suppress the truth about the tunnel, the dark gateway, which is about to cave in on account of a sinister underground torrent. To keep the workmen in ignorance will give them their daily bread, argues the mephistophelian financier; by throwing dust in the eyes of the wealthy committee millions will be paid, and, naturally enough, both the engineer and his elderly adviser must profit by their criminal compact.

The engineer manfully resists. He is honest. He loves his men, and the sacrifice of their lives because of his wanton lie is unbearable to him. Here occurs the real dramatic scene. *Wandenberg*, after pleading, becomes threatening, furious, apoplectic and finally whining. He goes to the door in a tragic manner and declares that he will not be among the living on the morrow. An old ruse, yet it works, and the tender-hearted engineer sorrowfully acquiesces in the conspiracy. He loves his benefactor. He will go before the committee and lie. He will remain silent in the presence of his workmen.

As played by Ferdinand Bonn and Julius Kobler, the result was striking. Kobler had just such a choleric rôle in "Der Strom," Max Halbe's powerful but disappointing play—and a rôle more brutal.

As *Wandenberg* his scope is wider: he is silky in his fawning, threatening in his wrath, supple in his attitude when allaying the suspicions of his fellow councillors. He is a capital foil to Bonn.

The committee scene is modelled after the first act of "The Great Light," though miniaturewise. The characters are fewer, five in number as against fourteen in the former piece, and they are sketched in with a sure hand. Bonn enters. He is confused, torn by his sense of fair play, by his horror of the catastrophe that must come, also by his love for *Lene*, a poor waiter girl—a variant of a familiar and unreal type—who serves the miners with food and drink.

It is easy to see what is coming. The engineer breaks down, confesses, rushes to the open windows and tells the workmen the whole truth. There is a hurrah, red lights and theatricalism. The directors are aghast, but *Wandenberg* swears that *Falkenreid* is crazy, and the curtain falls on Act III.

This whole slice of life will inevitably suggest Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." *Dr. Stockmann* must out with the truth about the poisonous waters of the bathing place at which he is a physician; instead of being called a hero for his exposure he is denounced as an enemy of his town's prosperity. The same theme was unquestionably worrying Philippi when he wrote "The Gloomy Gate," though he gives it a different setting, a different characterization—and a weaker play results. In the last act the miners rebel against their chief when he informs them that rather than imperil their lives he will blow up the tunnel. He is the enemy of his people and is even threatened with violence. The fomenter of the revolt is his rival, *Dominik*, who finally rushes to the tunnel, there to meet his death at the hands of a crazy old shoemaker, whose daughter he has ruined, whose son he has murdered. Bang! Up goes the tunnel. Bioscopic clouds *à la Walküre* flit across the background; *Falkenreid* embraces *Lene*, and *Wandenberg* has to make the best of a hopeless situation. "The new day dawns!" cries the chief engineer—and Mr. Conried's asbestos curtain severs them all from our view.

Lene, who knows of the doomed tunnel, takes a glass of wine with *Falkenreid* in Act II. Either it is the wine or it is leap year, for the hitherto reticent maiden goes stark mad, the madness of a cat that encounters a bunch of catnip. She throws herself at the timid young man, exclaiming with terrific fervor, "*Johannes!*" And then he awakens as if from a modest stupor and expresses his surprise. There are sighs on the stage, but snickerings in the audience. No wonder! A love scene is dragged in at the wrong end of the act, after the powerful interview of the two men—an anticlimax is the result, while the suddenness of the affair, its lack of preparation, causes laughter. Why Philippi, who is at least a trained playwright, should not have foreseen this surprises one.

Bertha Rocco played with as much dignity as possible throughout this trying passage; but Duse herself could not have carried off with success the ridiculous situation.

The best conceived rôle in the play is not that of the hero. A miserable old cobbler it is, who has gone mad from his wrongs—*Dominik* he kills for depriving him of his children. As enacted by Gustav von Seyffertitz he looked like a lean, withered spider, bent double by age and dissipation. He is nicknamed *Hihi*, because of the little chuckle he makes every time he speaks. Herr Seyffertitz waxed considerably in the estimation of those who only regarded him as a comedian. The part is a strong character one, and he portrayed it with a touch of the uncanny which added to its wretched pathos. And not a smile did he extort with his horrible "hi-hi!" He rang every possible change of intonation in the ejaculation; even in his nightmare he gave it a ghostly quality. It may be fairly said that this actor won the triumph of the evening. Bonn's part was not interesting, and he seemed apathetic. Kievschner, Holz, Meyer and Haensler covered themselves with distinction in the committee scene. Willy Frey must not be forgotten, nor must Julius Haller as the scoundrel *Dominik*, a figure straight from Zola's "Germinal." Altogether "The Gloomy Gate" is a masterpiece.

And now to "Hamlet"! Do not suppose for a moment that you are to be bored by a tedious analysis of the play. There is nothing new to be written of Shakespeare, cry the many, and then we all fall to scribbling furiously at the base of his monument. The scholar cares little for the histrionic side of the plays—it is their poetic, dramatic, archæologic interests that appeal. Shakespeare, the manager who dipped his pen in his own soul and then wrote with one eye on the box office, is a figure very distasteful to the academic. I was glad to read the reproof administered to Churton Collins by the London *Academy* several weeks ago. Mr. Collins, in his newly published "Studies in Shakespeare," wrote of "Hamlet": "It is, in relation to its motive and main interest a purely psychological study; and to that study the whole action of the drama is subordinated."

The *Academy* raises a sensible objection which sums up our old contention that the dramatist was primarily a playwright—the "purple patches" of poetry were not for his public.

Says the English weekly:

This, as we see it, is a sample of that bad habit of reading into Shakespeare's work and of putting into his mind thoughts that were never there. Shakespeare, to repeat, was a practical dramatist; he wrote plays in preference to poems and to fiction because by so doing he appealed to the largest possible and most profitable public, and can it be really argued with any sense of conviction that he would have asked the Elizabethan playgoing public to come in crowds to see a psychological study? Surely to the Elizabethan playgoer "Hamlet" was like "Richard III." and "Macbeth," a stirring drama of blood and thunder; ghosts, daggers, duels, murders all appealed to the spectators in boxes or in the pit, who called for energy, movement and, above all, horrors; but for psychology—no! Doubtless the psychology is there, as it is in any great drama by any great dramatist; and poetry, because Shakespeare was poet as well as playwright; but Mr. Collins is certainly wrong in writing that "the whole action of the drama is subordinated" to the study of psychology!

Every century succeeding Shakespeare's has discovered in him a specific side, which has resulted in giving the world of criticism a Shakespeare of the seventeenth, of the eighteenth, of the nineteenth and—later—of the twentieth centuries. This is the test of true greatness. And the stage has followed a parallel proceeding. We could no longer, except for antiquarian reasons, endure the bloodthirsty, violent *Hamlets* of the yester-years. Each generation of playgoers has its ideal Prince of Denmark. From Burbage to Booth a procession of *Hamlets* has filed before the eyes of the world—fat and pursy, tall and thin, wide and slender, thick and stumpy. Poetic, mad, glad, sad, bad—many, many of these!—subtle, melancholic, brawny, fantastic and tragic *Hamlets* have stood within the firing line of criticism, and the cry is, Still they come! Nor must the epicene *Hamlet* be omitted; effeminate men, masculine women have tried in their sexless way to interpret a natural, sane, healthy and beautiful born temperament. *Hamlet* has not even escaped Sarah Bernhardt, and Edith Wynne Matthison hopes to make her essay of the rôle interesting. All the world's a *Hamlet!*

Forbes Robertson, the latest exponent in New York, has met with approval. This was a foregone conclusion. Yet when I first saw him, heard him, his embodiment of the rôle seemed more gracious in contour, more misty in poetic illusion. He was not in the best of health at that time—yet a robust *Hamlet* is not an attractive spectacle. Witness Willard, witness Ferdinand Bonn. The nervous force of the English actor last Monday night at the Knickerbocker greatly surprised me, for in climaxes he was always lacking. Therefore all the more surprised and disappointed was I when these same climaxes were not touched. The truth is that Mr. Robertson, who has art of a finished kind, cannot sound the big dramatic note. It does not lie within his compass. There is Mansfield, for example; Mansfield as *Hamlet* would be angular, ferocious, bad tempered, jerky, his motions those of a semi-epilept. Yet I have not the slightest doubt that in the noblest moments of the tragedy Mansfield would mount and mount until he reached the very ecstasy of a climax. However, climaxes are not all of *Hamlet*. The *Hamlet* nature is born in a man and not to be acquired. Robertson has some of the traits of *Hamlet*, though not the profound nor the poetic ones. Elocution is his trump card, and he always plays it with success.

If *Hamlet* is no weakling, he is also neither burly, nor too cynically self-confident. His irony is a citadel from which he fights his enemies. He is the master ironist of dramatic literature. Every speech of his has its "second intention," its finer shadows in whose concealing dusk we search and search for precious meanings. Thrice alembicated, still his well worn phrases mock the student. *Hamlet* is the modern sphinx. His madness, or rather his superb sanity that could simulate madness until the border line between reason and folly was crossed and recrossed, is a crux for the centuries. That very speech: "For there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," is in itself a revelation of the moral casuistry which Shakespeare, patterning after Montaigne, knew how to juggle so well, both in *Hamlet* and *Iago*; and the great psychologist, who never erred, has indicated that the man who deceives other people into the belief that he is mad has growing within his brain the germ of future madness. But it is the ironic *Hamlet* that is so provocative of interest to the modern mind. With the old time heroics we may dispense, but our modern *Hamlet*, whatever else he may be, must be an ironist, with an irony that causes a pleasant astringency on the mental palate. Mr. Robertson is often cynical, seldom ironical.

It is difficult to disencumber the memory of other *Hamlets* in the presence of a new one. A critical *tabula rasa* is an impossibility, for criticism thrives by comparison. If one cannot recall Booth or Irving, then Robertson looms large. And I have seen old men fairly gnash their teeth when Irving's *Hamlet* was discussed, men who had seen the elder Booth. The truth is, the part is so overgrown with traditional "business" that the omission of some detail of no vital significance, yet long associated in our recollection of the performance, has a most disturbing effect on the seasoned playgoer. Every speech, every situation, has its history, and back of that history legend rears its mysterious head. The consequence is, when an actor first essays *Hamlet* his chief thought is usually concentrated on the How instead of the Why. We get new crossings, new poses, new readings, new scenic transpositions, new garbs, new omissions, but seldom do we get a *Hamlet*, either new or old.

Let us be grateful, therefore, to Mr. Robertson for his scholarly blending of the old and the new traditions. By nature this actor is not an extremist. He prefers the golden mediocrity of effects to distorted or bizarre methods. He is to be applauded, for he knows his limit, and that fact proclaims the wise man. I feel like quoting George Moore's famous *mot* regarding Whistler's weight. If Whistler had been twenty-five pounds heavier he might have painted like a second Velasquez. If Forbes Robertson but weighed twenty-five pounds more, he would—not be a second Booth! But he would look more like *Hamlet!*

From gods to gods is often but a generation. The false gods pass and the true gods come. And then the true gods crumble, for are not their feet like the feet of all gods, clay? Nothing endures—save the fame and plays of William Shakespeare.

JAMES HUNEKER.

OUR ART APPRECIATED.

Upward Movement in Prices of Landscapes by American Painters.

The predominance of landscape canvases by American painters in the collection of pictures formed by the late Senator Frederick S. Gibbs, which was lately sold at auction in Mendelssohn Hall, led to a discussion among those who follow the annual picture sales as to the relative prices brought by American pictures at public auctions in New York in recent years.

Thomas E. Kirby of the American Art Association went to the trouble of looking up the records of the paintings by five of the most conspicuous American landscapists which had been sold in a score of years under his own eye. The results of his search were interesting.

By Homer Martin, for instance, whose name has figured a good deal in the auctions of this off season, there have been twenty-two canvases in the public sales of twenty years under Mr. Kirby's direction. Of course it is well known that Martin strove long without any public recognition worth speaking of until it was too late for him to enjoy it. But it is instructive to note some of the figures of these sales.

In the Thomas B. Clarke sale of 1899, a Martin 22x32 inches sold for $1,500, and one 29x40 for $5,500. In 1900, at the William T. Evans sale, a Martin 25x38 sold for $3,200, and one 36x60, the famous "Westchester Hills," for $4,750.

Two years later, at the F. F. Milliken sale, "Westchester Hills" brought $5,300. In 1899, at the Clarke sale a Martin 16x12 brought $350; in 1900, at the Evans sale, one 16x20 brought $620, and in 1903, at the H. W. Sullivan (Brooklyn) sale, one 5½x9 brought $225.

Of J. Francis Murphy's paintings twenty-nine have been sold in the same period under the same management. In 1899 an 8x10 canvas from the D. W. Powers (Rochester) collection sold for $255; in 1900 a canvas 9x12½ from the Evans collection for $255; in 1899 one from the Clarke sale, 32x50, for $2,100; in 1900 one from the Evans sale, 24x33, for $1,075; and in 1903 one 24x33 from the Sullivan sale for $1,550.

Few of the leading names among living American landscape painters appear more often than that of Robert C. Minor, yet only fifteen examples of the artist's work are enumerated in the sales in this last score of years.

To cull a few illustrations from among the fifteen, a canvas 12x16, by Minor, sold in 1892 for $180; a canvas 30x22, at the third George I. Seney sale in 1894, sold for $210; a canvas 9x12, at the T. B. Clarke sale of 1899, sold for $210, and in the following year, 1900, these three Minors were sold from the William T. Evans collection: A canvas 18x20 for $675; a canvas 22x32 for $1,700, and one 30x50 for $3,050.

By A. H. Wyant there were forty-five canvases in these auctions. A Wyant 15x13 was sold in 1887 for $75; at the second Seney sale, in 1891, three were sold, as follows: 15x12 at $450, 18x30 at $650, and 16x20 at $775; at the Clarke sale of 1899 a Wyant 20x30 sold at $1,200, one 18x30 at $2,500, and at the Evans sale of 1900 a canvas 26x40 sold for $2,550, and one 37x50 for $6,300.

The score of years from 1883 to 1903 saw 148 examples of the work of the late George Inness brought under the auctioneer's hammer. To be sure, many more pictures with Inness's name were sold during this time, some of them bearing the name of Inness justly, in various galleries, and some of them by no means entitled to it.

A few of the 148 will afford an indication of the drift of popular appreciation and also of the current of amateur and expert valuation. At the first Seney sale of 1885, an Inness 30x46 inches sold at $800; at the Seney sale of 1891 an Inness 30x45 sold at $3,125. Another of the same dimensions at the same sale sold at $1,800.

In the following year, at the American Art Association sale of 1892, an Inness, 30x46, brought $2,200, and two years later at the sale of the George I. Seney estate a canvas by Inness, 30x45, went for $3,050. In the following year an Inness of Richard H. Halsted's of the same dimensions sold at $3,550.

The year 1899 was marked by the appearance in the public market of the greatest of the Innesses, those in the collection of Thomas B. Clarke, whose possession of them had evoked mingled feelings in the breasts of the art lovers who had, from choice or necessity or timidity, stood by and watched Mr. Clarke through the previous years accumulate those treasures.

An Inness, 32x42, of Mr. Clarke's sold at $4,100; one 16x24, the "Delaware Valley," an early work of the artist's, which was bought by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at $8,100, and the imposing and convincing "Grey Lowery Day," 16x24, at $10,150.

The Gibbs collection did not contain canvases comparable with the finest things of Mr. Clarke's choice, by any means; but the relative prices paid at the Gibbs sale for works by these five American painters showed that the general trend of prices for American paintings is still upward.

FROM WEAVER'S BOY TO IMPRESARIO.

Heinrich Conried's Ambition Realized, but Not Without a Struggle.

Heinrich Conried, as a boy, dreamed of being a great actor. One day, away back in 1853, when he was 5 years old, he was taken by his parents on a visit to an aunt, who lived in the same town, Bielitz, in Silesia, where he was born and brought up.

With the aunt lived the Frau Directorin of the Bielitz Theatre. Somehow, as children will get such ideas, young Heinrich had had it in his head for some time to be an actor in the local playhouse. He had become so determined on this point that when introduced to the Frau Directorin he told her that he wanted her to engage him on the spot to act in her theatre.

The Frau Directorin looked down at the boy, smiled, then said, as she patted him on the head:

"Not now, little man; but you come back in twenty years—twenty. Then, maybe, we'll see."

Heinrich Conried came back at the end of twenty years, almost to a day, in 1873. He came as a humble member of a German travelling company, but he was welcomed like a prince. The town turned out to greet him, and the factory in which he had worked as a weaver was gayly decorated in his honor. Bielitz suspended business to offer congratulations to him and his parents, and the whole town went to the theatre and thunderously applauded their fellow townsman whenever his extremely minor part brought him on the stage.

Conried had worked hard to achieve this much. His school days over, his father, who took no stock in his son's histrionic ambitions, apprenticed him to a weaver. The son struck a bargain with the father.

"I will work hard if you will let me go where I please and do what I please when my apprenticeship is over," he said; and the father agreed.

Heinrich stuck to his part of the agreement for two years; then, one day, he was able to report to his father that he had become a *meister;* his *meisterschaft* had been accepted—his original design, in fifteen colors, of "Faust and Marguerite" had been declared perfect in every thread.

His apprenticeship had not caused him to be weaned from his ambition. Not long afterward the father fulfilled his part of the bargain and young Conried started from Bielitz for Vienna.

He went to the capital to become an actor; he became instead a clerk in a commission house. He had to, or starve. Then, when he had proved his mettle, his brothers, who were well-to-do, got him a place in a bank.

Perhaps they thought the clink of gold would win the lad from his heart's desire, but the new work simply gave him time to dream more and money enough to enable him to get his breakfasts at a restaurant where an actor was in the habit of taking his meals.

Mr. Conried confesses that he ate at that restaurant with the sole purpose of being near the actor. In the course of time he and the actor became acquainted and the latter found out his new acquaintance's hopes. The result was a meeting with the great Foerster of the Burg Theater.

Foerster took to young Conried at once. Conried had no time to attend Foerster's classes, having to earn a livelihood by day in the bank, so Foerster instructed him in the early morning.

The new pupil proved apt. In a few weeks he was told to attend a test rehearsal at the theatre. He did so with fear and trembling. He was chosen for an engagement out of a possible twoscore of contestants. He was at last a member of the Burg Theater, the goal of all Austrian actors, and straightway he gave up his place in the bank.

But his troubles were not yet over. He was penniless. On the third day of his engagement he appeared hungry and weak at the theatre.

Foerster noticed his paleness and inquired its cause. Young Conried protested that he was all right, but half an hour later, as he sat at the breakfast table, the guest of Foerster, the latter learned what was the matter with the new member of his company, and advanced him money so that he would not have to go hungry again.

After that Conried's affairs ran more smoothly. He applied himself diligently, and the time he did not spend in studying his own parts he employed in acquainting himself with Foerster's methods as actor and as manager, as he revealed them at the Burg Theater.

Thus he early became an opponent of the star system and an unwavering believer in Foerster's system—all around excellence and the suppression of even the greatest actor whenever necessary for the general result.

Among many other lessons taught him by his benefactor, he learned how complicated plays could be staged with facility, if the problem is approached in the right way and the plans clearly thought out beforehand.

Such, in brief, were Mr. Conried's struggles from the day he left Bielitz until his triumphal return. And after that, too, there came more hard work. While playing with travelling companies in Austria and Germany he studied as well, and seized every opportunity to appear in tragedy and comedy and to supplement further his knowledge of the managerial end of the business.

Gradually his application told. He got better and better parts. He was permitted in Berlin to create the rôle of *Dr. Klaus*, which he still plays whenever the spirit moves him at the Irving Place Theatre, New York; and then, his ability at last proved, he was given the leading parts in the classic comedies of Schiller and Goethe, thereby gaining considerable fame throughout Germany as a comedian.

Thus Herr Conried's affairs progressed until 1878, when Dr. Adolph Neuendorff of the Germania Theatre in New York found him in Dresden as stage manager of a theatre there. Dr. Neuendorff was in Germany looking for a stage manager; he studied Herr Conried's way of doing things for a while, then went to him and engaged him for a similar post at the Germania.

He remained at the Germania for a year; then, in 1879, he played star engagements throughout the country in towns with a big German population, such as Cincinnati, Peoria, St. Louis, Milwaukee; and the next year returned to New York as the chief stage manager of the Thalia, to become its manager during the ensuing twelve months.

Here, Mr. Conried, by applying the methods taught him by Foerster, brought the Thalia from a state of decadence into one of prosperity. He also opened the eyes of the theatrical world by his acting.

Mr. Conried remained at the Thalia until William Steinway sought him out and asked him to take charge of the Irving Place Theatre. Mr. Conried looked over the field, thought he saw a good opportunity and accepted Mr. Steinway's proposition. Now the Irving Place Theatre is New York's leading German playhouse—made so by Mr. Conried, who, from the moment he took control, applied the lessons taught him by his benefactor, Foerster.

Herr Conried's management of the Metropolitan Opera House and his production of "Parsifal" marked the next stage of his career.

The Brooklyn Theatres.

"Glittering Gloria," late of Daly's Theatre, is to make her bow in Brooklyn at the Amphion Theatre to-morrow night. Her fierce bulldog and the two trunks which are so handy for timid admirers when the bulldog is loose accompany her, and the names of Cyril Scott, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Phyllis Rankin in the cast are sure to have a potent attraction.

At the Montauk Charles Frohman will present Clyde Fitch's clever comedy "The Girl With the Green Eyes," with a cast which includes Clara Bloodgood and Robert Drouet as the leading man.

Chauncey Olcott comes to the Grand Opera House with "Terence," one of his characteristic romances, which is sure to please in the week containing St. Patrick's day.

At the Star Sam Devere and his own burlesque company are the attractions.

Hyde & Behman's have a programme of varied interest. Hassan Ben Ali's Arabs, clever acrobats; Pat Rooney and Emma Francis, dancers; Adolph Zink the Lilliputian and other well known artists are in it.

Mrs. Spooner's stock company appropriately gives an Irish play, "The Colleen Bawn." Edna May Spooner plays the colleen Eily.

The Folly has "Quincy Adams Sawyer," a famous New England melodrama, for the week.

Corse Payton at the Lee Avenue Theatre is playing a dramatic version of "Parsifal."

"Driven From Home" is the week's play at the Columbia, and an exciting play it is.

At the Park "An Heiress to Millions" is the attraction.

There are many star features in the programme at the Orpheum.

"The Man Who Dared" is the offering at the Novelty.

"For His Brother's Crime" is at the Gotham.

At the Fulton Street Theatre good vaudeville is the attraction.

A strong bill is announced by Manager Watson of the Cozy Corner.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The final symphony concert for young people, at Carnegie Hall, on Saturday afternoon, March 26, will illustrate modern opera. Several well known soloists will appear, among them Mme. Lillian Blauvelt. Mr. Damrosch will present orchestral and vocal selections from works by Verdi, Wagner, Gounod and Bizet. Examples of both the early and the mature styles of Verdi will be given, selections from "Faust" and "Carmen" will illustrate the work of the French composers and excerpts from "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger" and perhaps the "Nibelungen Ring" will show the methods of the great master who created the modern music drama. Judging by the large attendance and by the personal expressions of interest and pleasure heard at the concerts this year, this historical series has been greatly appreciated, both for Mr. Damrosch's instructive but brief talks, and for the well chosen music. Every important period, beginning with the contrapuntal music of the fourteenth century or earlier, has been covered in these programmes.

A considerable interest is being taken in this year's Richard Wagner festival at the Prinzregenten Theater and in the Mozart festival at the Royal Residenz and Royal Hof theaters in Munich, and large numbers of tickets have already been ordered from all parts of the world. The Mozart performances last from the 1st to the 11th of August, and in connection with these the Richard Wagner festival is to be given at the Prinzregenten Theater from Aug. 12 to Sept. 14. Besides General Music Director Mottl, Conductors Hofkapellmeister Felix Weingartner and Prof. Nikisch have been engaged as guests, which fact alone explains the great interest of the international public.

F. X. Arens, conductor of the People's Symphony Concerts, has arranged extremely attractive programmes for the concluding events of this season's series. The last of the regular concerts at Cooper Union will occur on Tuesday evening, March 15, when the orchestral selections will include two important Wagner numbers, the "Parsifal" prelude and the magic fire scene from "Die Walkuere." Schubert will be represented by his unfinished symphony in B minor, and Liszt by his piano concerto in E flat to be played by Miss Henrietta Michelson. Edward Johnson will sing a Tschaikowsky aria. The extra concert to be given at the West End Theatre on Sunday evening, March 20, will offer the following programme: Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture No. 3, Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, Wagner's "Kaisermarsch," Saint-Saëns's G minor piano concerto, played by Mr. Louis Bachner, and Gounod's aria from "The Queen of Sheba," to be sung by Mrs. Rollir Borden Low. Popular prices have been announced for these concerts.

The People's Choral Union will give its annual concert at Carnegie Hall on April 11. Besides Max Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire," and the finale of Act III. of "Die Meistersinger," there will be sung two part songs, Henry Holden Huss's "The Recessional" and Edgar Stillman Kelley's "O Captain! My Captain!" The chorus will be assisted by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The French Grand Opera Company from New Orleans will begin its three weeks engagement at the Casino to-morrow evening with Halévy's "La Juive." Mme. Guinchan will be the *Rachel*, Mme. Pachbiers the *Eudoxie*, Mr. Gauthier the *Eleazar* and Mr. Mikaelly the *Leopold*. The répertoire for the rest of the week is Tuesday: "Carmen"; Wednesday afternoon, "Mignon"; Wednesday night, "Il Trovatore"; Thursday, "Cendrillon"; Friday, "Traviata"; Saturday afternoon, "Cendrillon"; Saturday night, "Les Huguenots."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is due again at Carnegie Hall on Thursday night and Saturday afternoon. The first programme will be Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture, Tschaikowsky's B flat minor piano concerto, Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture and Schumann's B flat symphony. Adele aus der Ohe will be the soloist. The matinée list is Mozart's E flat symphony, Elgar's "Sea Pictures," Akimenko's lyric poem, opus 20; Strube's "Fantastic Overture," three songs by Brahms and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" prelude. The soloist will be Muriel Foster.

A "Holy Railroad" in Canada.

From the Boston Transcript.

In these days, when railways are run more for what there is in them for a favored few than for the accommodation of the general public, it may be interesting to recall the fact that there is right here in North America a "holy railroad." This is a little line, twenty-one miles long, from Quebec to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. It is sacred because it claims to run "especially for the accommodation of pilgrims," and above all, because at its opening, a few years since, it was formally blessed with all its belongings by Cardinal Taschereau. Every Sunday the trains are crowded with devotees in search of the blessing of the good St. Anne, who is credited with the miraculous power of healing, and on July 26, St. Anne's Day, the road cannot accommodate the enormous crowds which flock to her shrine.

Think of riding on a holy railroad! But those who have travelled on it know that they must not expect the comforts of Paradise. It may be called "holy," but it seems to be run, none the less, with an eye to dividends. The charges are high and the service poor.

Leopards as Hearth-Rug Pets.

From the Bangkok Times.

A kindly correspondent up country writes: "Do you care to bring up wild animals? I can send you some—at present two leopard cats which drink (tin) milk by themselves, both females, can be put down at your door. I can also procure fishing-tiger cats."

AT THE THEATRES THIS WEEK

SEVERAL NOTABLE OPENINGS FOR TO-MORROW NIGHT.

Henry Miller to Bring Out "Man Proposes"—Century Players Coming to Town—Mansfield Back in Repertoire—Debut of Miss Kennedy in a Social Play.

Henry Miller comes back to town this week with a new play. At the Hudson Theatre to-morrow night he will produce, under the management of Charles Frohman, a four-act comedy called "Man Proposes," by the English playwright Ernest Denny. It tells the story of an elder brother in possession of a great title and estates and a younger one, the family scapegrace, who, by passing himself off as the nobleman, involves the latter in an intrigue with a music hall singer, a duel and complications with the girl they both love. It all ends happily, and Mr. Miller, who takes the part of the nobleman, who, until recently, has been plain *Dr. Leigh*, has especial opportunities to display his abilities in the finer reaches of comedy. The cast includes H. Hassard Short as the scapegrace brother, Dorothy Hammond as the nice girl, Alison Skipworth as the music hall singer, and several well known players. This will be Mr. Miller's first appearance here under Mr. Frohman's management since his notable achievement in "The Only Way."

Sydney Rosenfeld's Century Players, after two weeks on the road, will have an opportunity to-morrow night to show what merit there is in that long advertised aggregation. They will open at the Princess instead of the Bijou, and their first appearance will be made in "Much Ado About Nothing." Comment of the out-of-town newspapers upon the new stock company and its work has been highly favorable.

A new play and the début of a new actress, Miss Katherine Kennedy, are scheduled for the Garrick Theatre to-morrow night. Miss Kennedy is heralded as "a popular and highly accomplished society woman." Her play is by Elwyn A. Barron, and it deals with phases of social life in New York, hypnotism and a variety of other things. The leading motive is a young wife's desire to save her husband from financial and moral wreck. Miss Kennedy plays the heroine, the young wife, and the husband's part will be taken by Orrin Johnson. There are six or seven other comedy and character parts.

"Everyman" is to be revived by Mr. Frohman at special matinées on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at Daly's Theatre to give Edith Wynne Matthison's admirers an opportunity to see her again as the hero of the morality play. In the evenings and at the regular matinées Miss Matthison will be seen as usual as *Rosalind* in "As You Like It."

George W. Monroe is to appear here again at the Fourteenth Street Theatre this week in his musical farce "My Aunt Bridget," in which he has not been seen for some time. New features have been added to this extravaganza, including a group of "Honeymoon Maidens," and the production is to serve to introduce here a new leading woman, Miss Carolyn Tum.

At the New Amsterdam, Richard Mansfield returns for the greater part of the week to two favorite plays from his large répertoire. He will be seen in "Ivan the Terrible" only on Wednesday night. On Monday and Tuesday he will play "Old Heidelberg," Wilhelm Meyer Foster's play of German student life. On the last three days of the week "Beau Brummel" will be revived. Next week is Mr. Mansfield's last at the New Amsterdam. He will be seen as *Baron Chevrial* in "A Parisian Romance," *Prince Karl* in "Old Heidelberg," the *Czar Ivan* in "Ivan the Terrible," and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." After that he will make a short visit to Harlem, and then he will start on a long tour.

"Babes in Toyland" is showing that delightful realism to young folks and old for the last time this week at the Majestic Theatre. Then "The Wizard of Oz," the *Scarecrow* and the *Tin Man* are coming back for a spell. Their visit begins a week from to-morrow. There can hardly be a man, woman or child in all New York who has not seen "The Wizard," but for that very reason its welcome will probably be the warmer. There are fifteen new songs in the piece since it was last here, and most of the fixings are new. The old ones were worn out by long use.

Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott have achieved so much success in their production of "Hamlet" at the Knickerbocker that their engagement of two weeks has been extended to four. They willl remain three weeks longer.

The end of the brilliant run of "The Pit" at the Lyric Theatre is in sight. It must go on a spring tour soon. As a sample of a successful play made from a popular novel it will hold a place in stage history here.

A favorite actor who is soon to depart is William Gillette in "The Admirable Crichton," whose engagement at the Lyceum will end in three weeks. Playgoers who have not seen him in this, one of the triumphs of his stage career, will find the time short. Charles Hawtrey will relace Mr. Gillette's resourceful butler at the theatre, April 4.

"The Other Girl" will be given at the Empire Theatre to-morrow evening for the 100th time, and souvenirs of the occasion will be given away. This souvenir of Augustus Thomas's fun will be a golden candlestick in the Empire style.

"The Girl From Kay's" at the Herald Square will begin the second half of its first New York year to-morrow evening. Its souvenir night will come on March 23. The reputation of the piece as a laugh producer is still keeping the theatre crowded, and every week something new is offered.

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and Henrietta Crosman are to be retained in their present abode at the Belasco Theatre indefinitely, and Mr. Belasco expects to make with them the record run of the year. Theatregoers evidently feel the charm of this comedy of old Bath. Yesterday at the century performance the house was crowded to the doors.

Tuesday night at the Garden Theatre will be "French night." The French Ambassador is coming from Washington to see "The Secret of Polichinelle"; the French Consul-General will be there, too, the house will be draped with the French colors, and only French melodies will be played by the orchestra.

The amateur cracksman is preparing to quit. There will be only a fortnight more of "Raffles" at the Savoy. Then he goes travelling. On Tuesday Kyrle Bellew will give away his autograph souvenir volumes.

"The Yankee Consul" won't leave the Broadway. Its fourth week, closed last Saturday, was more successful and profitable than the first.

Another stayer is George Ade's "The County Chairman," at Wallack's. People go to see that entertaining politician over and over again, and don't seem to laugh with him any the less the fourth time than the first.

For a different reason theatre-goers like "The Virginian" at the Manhattan. They find in that play a new atmosphere. The attraction exerted by the cowboys and especially the chief cowboy, Mr. Farnum, seems as potent as ever.

"The Tenderfoot," Richard Carle's comic opera of Texas and its people, shows the same sort of life through glasses of a slightly different sort, and is doing very well, thank you, at the New York.

A merry operetta is "A Chinese Honeymoon." It is being played at the Academy of Music by the original Casino company, and large audiences are the result.

"Candida" is in demand outside the walls of the Vaudeville. Arnold Daly is to give the play at Vassar at a matinée soon at the request of the college girls, returning to town in time for the regular performance in the evening.

At the Criterion Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann" is still popular.

After three weeks on the road "The Medal and the Maid" returns to New York for a week at the Grand Opera House to-morrow. It is the Broadway cast and production, with Emma Carus and James T. Powers in it.

The West End Theatre this week has "Foxy Grandpa." Carl Schultz dedicated his book and pictures "to grandfathers who are and ought to be." The play is intended for and is popular with present and prospective grandmothers too.

"Twelfth Night," with Viola Allen, fully recovered from her recent illness, in it is at the Harlem Opera House for the week. She is supported by the same company as appeared at the Knickerbocker, including John Blair, John Craig, Clarence Handyside, Frank Currier, Zeffie Tilbury and the rest.

"Out of the Fold" stays at the American Theatre for a while longer. Anybody who doesn't care for the "problem" in this rural drama is pretty certain to appreciate the pigeons, the sheep and the farmyard scene in it.

Rudolf Christians, the second of Herr Conried's stars, will appear at the Irving Place on Tuesday in "Galleoti," in the rôle which made him a favorite at the Court Theatre, Berlin. He will share the week's performances with Herr Ferdinand Bonn, whose next part will be the title rôle in Anzengruber's comedy, "Meineidbauer."

At Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre this week the place of honor is given to George W. Lederer's shortened version of "Sally in Our Alley," which supplies in an hour or so all that is best in a three-hour musical comedy. The Dillon brothers also appear singing songs and parodies of their own making. There is a special holiday matinée on Thursday, St. Patrick's Day.

The Fifth Avenue stock company is producing Charles Klein's powerful drama, "The District Attorney," and offers a good vaudeville bill besides.

"Arrah-na-Pogue," revived at the Fifty-eighth Street Theatre, is timely this week. J. K. Murray, who has the leading part in it, shines as an interpreter of Irish rôles.

At the 125th street house "The Lost Paradise," which long ago had a notable run at Proctor's downtown, is revived.

There is a Sunday concert at all of the Proctor theatres.

Sunday concerts will also be given at the American, the Circle, the Grand Opera House, Hammerstein's Victoria, the West End, the Harlem Opera House, Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall, the New Star, the Gotham, the Dewey, Metropolis, Huber's Museum and the Eden Musée.

A beautiful equestrienne, Mlle. Helene Gerard, and her two Arabian horses are the leading attractions at Keith's this week. There are also there Nora Bayes, the girl who made Wurtzburger famous; the Remani Trio of vocalists, Eva Mudge, the military maid; H. B. Fitzgerald, the character artist; Prof. Miett and his educated dogs, Eddie Mack, the Orpheus Comedy Four, and Bellman and Moore, who play Edmund Day's latest sketch, "A Gallery Goddess."

Tony Pastor has a notable bill. It includes the first appearance here of Edmond Hayes and company in "A Wise Guy"; Julian Rose, a Hebrew impersonator of growing fame; Tom Healy and Ella Farnum, Irish dancers; Armstrong and Wright, West and Williams, the musical Goolmans, Prof. Dalvine, illusionist; Pat Touhey, the Irish bagpiper, and the Lindon sisters.

At Hammerstein's Theatre of Varieties Henry Lee presents many new impersonations of "Great Men Past and Present." James J. Corbett tells stories of his experiences in the ring, Elfie Fay has a new song, Charles R. Sweet, the tramp pianist, returns after two years abroad; Mary Norman, the entertainer, makes her first Broadway appearance, and a number of other notables appear.

Comedy holds the stage at the Circle Theatre next week, though the bill contains some European artists of merit. The Kaufmann troupe of bicycle experts heads the programme. Another interesting European novelty is Goolman's dogs and cats.

Ned Wayburn's seventeen Minstrel Misses are at Hurtig & Seamon's for the week, and there are other clever entertainers on the bill, notably Ethel Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and their company, the Musical Dumonts and Hoey and Lee.

"All on Account of Eliza," the comedy by Leo Ditrichstein produced at the Garrick Theatre, will be the offering of the stock company at the Murray Hill Theatre this week, and Henry V. Donnelly will make his first appearance this season

"Queen of the Highway," a romance of the West, with cowboys, Indians and two packs of real man-eating wolves, is at the New Star.

At the Metropolis a timely production of "Robert Emmet" is on the bill.

The Third Avenue has a new pastoral melodrama, "An Orphan's Prayer," in which Nettie DeCoursey has the chief part.

The Reilly and Wood's big show is at the Dewey for the week. There is a matinée daily at this theatre.

Mlle. Capelle, the equestrienne, and the Thoroughbred Burlesquers, a merry troupe, hold the stage at the Gotham.

Two heavyweights, a boy with fingers seven inches long, Olga the snake charmer, and a bevy of vaudeville entertainers furnish the attraction at Huber's Museum.

The Eden Musée is showing an exciting series of war pictures in addition to new groups in its world in wax, and Powell the magician shows his tricks twice a day.

The play arranged for the final matinée of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts at the New Empire on Tuesday is Heyerman's "The Good Hope." The Academy's graduation exercises take place on Thursday.

The lecturers will be busy this week. To-